

Robinson's MAGAZINE:

A REPOSITORY OF ORIGINAL PAPERS, & SELECTIONS FROM
ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

Published every Saturday Morning, at Robinson's Circulating Library, No. 94, Baltimore-street.

AT FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

VOL. I.] BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, DEC. 19, 1818 [No. 23.

THE ITALIAN BEE.

From the Monthly Magazine.

Dov' ape susurrando
Nei mattutini alboori
Vola suggendo i rugiadosi umori.

Guarint.

Where the bee at early dawn
Murmuring sips the dews of morn.

DANTE.

THERE are certain periods in the history of every country that has arrived at a high degree of civilization, at which literature and the arts have flourished with peculiar vigour, which genius has adorned with her brightest splendours, and rendered illustrious to all succeeding ages. Such to Italy were the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the first of these distinguished æras, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, rise like three mighty columns, the earliest and noblest monuments of reviving taste and learning.

Dante was born at Florence, in the year 1265, of the noble family of the Alighieri. Unfortunate in love, and unsuccessful in ambition, his whole life was beclouded by adversity and disappointment. Beatrice Portinari, the object of his earliest attachment, was torn from him by death at the age of twenty-five, and the acrimonious temper of Gemma Donati, whom he afterwards married, only served to embitter his regret for her loss. Engaged by his family connexions in

the political contests which agitated his country, he was expelled from it by the victorious party in 1302, and passed the remainder of his life in melancholy exile, at the courts of the petty princes of Italy, sharing the usual fate of superiour genius in the dislike, or disregard, of those who were incapable of appreciating him. He died at Ravenna, in 1321, at the court of Guido di Polenta, the sovereign of that city.

This brief outline of his history will account for, and excuse the gloomy and sarcastick spirit apparent in his poetry, which, though softened occasionally, by a tender and affecting melancholy, never brightens into the radiance of cheerfulness and joy. The scenes of the invisible world, divided, according to the Catholick faith, into the three religions of hell, purgatory, and paradise, are the subject of his great work, the *Divina Commedia*; and the theme was congenial to his Muse. In the awful exhibition of Divine vengeance, all the power of his genius is displayed; but, with Milton, he has failed in the attempt to give interest to the scenes of penitence, and of celestial bliss: and the *Purgatorio*, and *Paradiso*, like the *Paradise Regained*, though containing passages of great beauty, cannot be read with interest or plea-

sure. The general plan of this extraordinary production is as follows :

The poet supposes, that, at the close of the century, in Easter-week, of the year 1300, he was lost in a desert near Jerusalem, infested by beasts of strange and ferocious aspect. As he is flying from one of these, he is met by the shade of Virgil, who informs him, that the only passage out of the wilderness, lies through the shades below, whither he has a divine commission to conduct him ; thus, allegorically intimating, that the contemplation of the invisible world is the only means of escape from the fury of the passions. Encouraged by the assurance of celestial protection, Dante proceeds with his friendly guide on the awful expedition, and arrives at the portal of hell, over which he reads, in dark characters, this appalling inscription ;

*"Through me the entrance lies to realms of woe!
Through me the entrance lies to endless pain!
Through me the entrance lies to gulphs below,
Where, lost to hope and heaven, the guilty weep in vain !"
Almighty justice, wisdom, power, and love,
Ere Time began, my firm foundation laid ;
Nor shall they fail when Time shall cease to move,
And all but things eternal pass away and fade.
O ye who enter here no longer hope retain !"*

Confiding, however, in their divine warrant, the two poets pass the tremendous barrier, and enter the infernal shade. "But here," says Dante, "such a dismal sound of sighs and groans, and loud lamentations, met my ear, that the tears started into my eyes. Strange voices, horrid dialects, exclamations of grief, and bursts of rage, dull moans and piercing shrieks, with wringing of hands, mingled in dire confusion, circulated in dismal murmurs thro'

the starless air, like sand whirled by the mind." These mournful sounds arose from an ignoble multitude, who had lived in the world, at once without guilt and without virtue. Their punishment was of the same negative kind as their life had been, and they suffered no other torments than those inflicted by conscience. "Heaven, (says Virgil,) hath rejected them, lest its beauty should be tarnished by them ; and hell is forbidden to receive them, lest the guilty should derive some glory from them. Disdained alike by justice and by mercy, the earth retains no memorial of them. Let us not waste our attention upon them, but behold, and pass on."

Having traversed this inglorious crowd, the poets reach the mournful shores of Acheron ; where, pursued by divine justice, the guilty assemble from all nations of the earth, in rapid succession, like the falling leaves of autumn. Charon, as in the fables of antiquity, is employed in transporting them to the opposite side ; and Dante and his conductor are by him conveyed to the precincts of the infernal abyss, which is represented as a sort of vast funnel, divided into seven concentric circles, or regions, placed one below the other ; the inflictions increasing in severity as they descend.

They first arrive at the abodes of the sages and philosophers of the heathen world, whom the Roman church condemns to eternal punishment, because they died without baptism. Their tears and lamentations were not occasioned by any positive suffering, but by their everlasting regret of the blessedness they had lost. "Their situation, (says M. Sismondi,) resembles the pale elysium of the poets : it is a faint image of life, in which regret supplies the place of hope."

After the heroes of antiquity, the next they meet with in their de-

* The words are thus repeated in the original—
Per me si va nella città dolente
Per me si va nell'eterno dolore
Per me si va tra la perduta gente ; &c.
Inferno, canto 3. v. 1. et seq.

scent, are those whom love has rendered criminal. "This region is deprived of all light; it roars like the troubled sea, vexed by contending winds. An infernal hurricane incessantly whirls round the spirits, as flights of small birds are driven before the tempest." Among the number of these unfortunates, Dante finds Francesca, the daughter of his patron Guido di Polenta, who, married to Lancelot Malatesti, was detected in criminal intercourse with her brother-in-law, and killed by her husband. "The reputation of this episode, (remarks the elegant writer before quoted,) has passed into every language, but no translation can convey the charm and perfect harmony of the original." To those who wish to know more of the affecting story, we recommend the perusal of Mr. Leigh Hunt's 'Tale of Rimini,' of which it is the subject.

In the third circle, they witness the chastisement of the gluttonous and intemperate; who, stretched on putrid mire, are eternally exposed to a freezing shower. One of Dante's fellow-countrymen, who is among them, is permitted for a few moments to rise and converse with him on the state of Florence. But the interval of grace soon expires, and he falls again into his former state of gelid rigidity. The epiphonema which the poet pronounces over him is, in the original, truly striking,

"Then said my guide,—He falls, to rise no more,
Till the archangel's trumpet loud shall sound;
When each shall wear his mortal dress once more,
To hear what in his ears for ever shall resound."

In the fourth circle are placed the avaricious and the prodigal, who are punished together, and mutually reproach and torment each other.

To these succeed the cholerick, immersed in a horrible quagmire; in which miserable situation, Dante finds Filippo Argenti, another Florentine.—for the poet has not neglected the opportunity for satire, which his expedition affords him. Proceeding onwards, they arrive at the infernal metropolis, surrounded by the black marshes of the Styx, and guarded by demons and furies. These grim monsters refuse them admittance, and Virgil is obliged to invoke celestial aid. The approach of the angel who is sent to enforce the divine mandate is thus described:

"Sudden there rushed across the turbid wave,
An awful sound, which made the dark shores quake,
As when some storm in summer's heats doth rave,
And through the echoing woods its furious course doth take."
"The shepherds fly, the beats are struck with fear,
The branches crash, the leaves are scattered round
Th' impetuous blast holds on its proud career,
And, wrapt in dusty clouds, sweeps o'er the smoking ground."

The gloomy portals fly open at the resistless touch of the seraph's wand; who, after a severe and haughty rebuke to his fallen brethren, again takes wing, without deigning to notice Dante or his companion: like one, says the poet, whose thoughts are intent on other subjects.

They now enter the dread enclosure, and find themselves in a horrible cemetery of five sepulchres,—the mansions appointed for the sowers of heresy and discord. "They glowed, (says the narrator,) like iron just taken from the furnace; they were partly open: dismal cries proceed from them; and, as I passed near one of them, I was thus accosted: "O Tuscan, who art permitted living to traverse this

* E l' duca disse a me: Pul non si desta
Di qua dal suon dell'angelica tromba; &c.
Inferno canto, 6. v. 94, 95.

* E già veniva su per le torbid' onde
Un fruscio d'un suon pien di spavento; &c.
Inferno, canto 9. v. 64.

city of fire, stay thy steps a moment; thy graceful accents declare thee to be a native of that noble country, to which I have perhaps occasioned too many troubles." The man who thus speaks, says the eloquent historian of the Italian Republics, the man who thus speaks, from amidst the flames, is Farinata degli Uberti, the leader of the Ghibeline party in Florence, the conqueror of the Guelphs at the battle of the Arbia, and the saviour of his country, which the Ghibelines would have sacrificed to their own security. Farinata is one of those great characters, to which we can find a parallel only in antiquity, or in the middle ages. Master of events and of men, he appears superiour even to destiny, and the torments of hell are unable to disturb his haughty indifference. He is admirably painted in the discourse which Dante has attributed to him; his whole interest is still concentrated in his country, and in his party; and the exile of the Ghibelines gives him more pain than the fiery bed on which he is stretched.

"Descending into the seventh circle, Dante beholds a vast ditch filled with blood, in which the tyrants and homicides are immersed. Centaurs, armed with darts, are stationed on the banks, and oblige the wretches who would raise their heads above the gore, quickly to replunge them in it. Farther on, the suicides are changed into thorny trunks, retaining nothing human, except the faculty of speech and of suffering. They are deprived of all power of action, for having once perverted it to their own destruction. On a plain of burning sand, incessantly exposed to a shower of fire, Dante meets with men, who, notwithstanding the degrading vices of which they are suffering the penalty; were, in other respects, worthy of his affection or esteem:—

Brunetto Latino, who had been his preceptor in poetry and eloquence; Guido Guerra, Jacobo Rusticucci, and Tegghiaio Aldobrandini, the most virtuous and disinterested of the Florentine republicans of the preceding generation. "Could I have preserved myself from the fire, (says Dante,) I would have cast myself at their feet, and Virgil would doubtless have permitted me to do so. I was born in the same country with you, cried I, your revered names are familiar to my ear, and engraven on my heart." He afterwards gives them intelligence concerning Florence; and the principal solicitude of the unfortunate men, who are thus suffering everlasting torments, is still for the prosperity of their native city."

"We shall not any longer follow the poet from circle to circle, and from abyss to abyss. To render supportable the exhibition of such hideous objects, requires all the magick of his style and versification; it requires that power of description, which places the new world he has created, before the eyes of his readers; and that personal in his characters, which we feel, when the poet, anticipating the divine justice, exhibits to his countrymen the very men whose vices they have witnessed, or by whose crimes they have suffered, distributed in the different regions of hell, recognising their fellow citizen, and forgetting for a moment their tortures in the recollection of their country.

"As the journey of Dante, is not an action, as it is not sustained by any passion or enthusiasm, we feel no very lively solicitude about the hero; if, indeed, he can be said to be the hero of his poem, and not rather the spectator of objects which his imagination has brought together. The work, however, is not wholly devoid of romantick interest; we behold the poet advanc-

ing without guard, amidst the demons and the damned. Though the divine commands have opened the gates of hell to him, and though Virgil is the bearer of the celestial mandate, the deep malice of the devils frequently resists the decrees of fate. They sometimes furiously shut the infernal gates before him; and, at others, rush upon him to tear him in pieces; they seek to deceive him, and to bewilder him in the infernal labyrinth: we lend ourselves to his fiction sufficiently to be affected by the continual danger to which he is exposed. The power of his descriptions also, added to the profound horror of the objects depicted, often creates a strong emotion. Thus, in the twenty-fifth canto, we shudder at the frightful punishment of the robbers. The bottom of the valley in which these terrified wretches are wandering, is full of horrible serpents; one of these monsters, before Dante's eyes, seizes on Angelo Brunelleschi, envelops his whole body in its dreadful folds, and sheds its poison on his cheeks. Soon, the two beings are confounded in one, their colours fade, their limbs lose their form; and, when they again separate, Brunelleschi is become the serpent, and Cianfa, who had wounded him, has recovered his human form. A moment afterwards, another serpent wounds Buoso degli Abbati in the breast: he then falls to the ground at his feet. Buoso fixes his eyes upon him, and is deprived of the power of speech; he yawns, as if sleep or fever had destroyed his strength; he looks on the serpent, and the serpent on him: a thick smoke issues from the wound of the one, and from the jaws of the other; these smokes meet, and presently the two natures are changed; arms shoot from the body of the serpent, those of the man contract, and disappear under a scale. The one rises, the other falls prostrate; and

the sinners, who have thus exchanged their torments, separate with mutual maledictions.*

"The general conception of the unknown world, which Dante has unveiled, is in itself grand and sublime. The empire of the dead, as described by the ancient poets, is confused, and almost incomprehensible; that of Dante presents itself with an order, a grandeur, a regularity, which strike the imagination, and render it impossible to conceive of it otherwise. The interior of the earth is occupied by a horrible gulph, hollowed like an immense funnel, the sides of which, instead of being smooth, are formed into terraces; it terminates at the centre of the earth, where Lucifer is placed. This terrible emperour of the realms of wo, plunged to the middle in a frozen ocean, over which he waves six gigantick wings, inflicts on the damned, the vengeance of the Deity, of whom he is at once the minister and the victim. In like manner, the whole crew of the spirits of darkness, who joined him in his rebellion against the Most High, are incessantly employed in wreaking their malice upon the guilty, at the same time that they share their torments. A long cavern conducts from the centre of the earth to the light of day, and terminates at the foot of a mountain, placed in the opposite hemisphere, the form of which is the relief of the infernal abyss. It is a

* It is impossible, within the limits of an article like the present, to do more than mention a few of the most striking scenes; but the story of Count Ugolino and his children, which occupies the first ninety lines of the thirty-third Canto of the Inferno, commencing with the words,

"La bocca solleré dal fiero, &c." is too celebrated to be passed over without reference. For *harrowing* description, it is perhaps without a parallel in any language.

vast cone, graduated like the abyss by terraces, which form the separate mansions of the spirits, who are accomplishing the absolution of their venial crimes in purgatory. Angels guard the avenues, and every time that a spirit is permitted to ascend to heaven, the whole mountain resounds with songs of thanksgiving from all its inhabitants. At the summit is placed the terrestrial Paradise; forming, as it were, a communication between earth and heaven, which last is also represented under the form of a third spiral, rising sphere above sphere, to the throne of the Most High.

"The *Purgatory* is, in many respects, a fainter image of hell, since the same crimes are punished there by chastisements of the same nature, but which are only temporary, because the death of the sinner has been preceded by repentance. Dante has, however, introduced much less variety both in the offences and the punishments. After passing a long time with those who are kept without the gate of purgatory for having deferred their conversion, he follows the order of the seven deadly sins. The proud are oppressed by enormous weights; the envious, clothed in hair-cloth, have their eye-lids bound by an iron wire; the choleric are stifled in smoke; the indolent are compelled to run incessantly; the avaricious are prostrated with their faces to the earth; the gluttonous suffer the

pains of hunger and thirst; and those who have abandoned themselves to incontinence, expiate their guilt in fire. The scene, therefore, is more confined, the action slower; and, as Dante has made the purgatorio of equal length with the other two parts of his poem, it drags on heavily. Uninteresting discourses, dreams, and visions, fill the cantos, and render the reader impatient to arrive at the end of the mysterious expedition.

"After traversing the seven galleries of purgatory, Dante, reaches the terrestrial Paradise, situated on the top of the mountain. He gives a description of it full of gracefulness, but which is too frequently interlarded with scholastick dissertations: here Beatrice, the woman whom he had loved, descends from heaven to meet him; and, at her approach, while he is trembling in her presence, through the power of his former attachment, Virgil, who had been his companion hitherto, quits him. The poem of the Paradise contains but few descriptions; the painter who has given such terrible pictures of hell, has not attempted to delineate heaven. After ascending from one sphere to another, which the reader quits in the same ignorance as he enters them, the poem terminates in the contemplation of the mysterious union of the persons in the god-head."

From the European Magazine.

LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

By the Author of Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio.

THE NORWEGIAN.

IN one of those short and brilliant nights peculiar to Norway, a small hamlet near its coast was disturbed by the arrival of a stranger. At a spot so wild and unfrequented, the Norwegian government had not

thought fit to provide any house of accommodation for travellers, but the pastor's residence was easily found. Thorsen, though his hut hardly afforded room for his own numerous family, gave ready admission even to an unknown guest.

and placed before him the remains of a dried torskfish, a thrush, and a loaf composed of oatmeal mixed with fir-bark. To this coarse but hospitable banquet the traveller seated himself with a courteous air of appetite, and addressed several questions to his host respecting the produce, customs, and peculiarities of the district. Thorsen gave him intelligent answers, and dwelt especially on the cavern of Dolstein, celebrated for its extent beneath the sea. The traveller listened earnestly, commented in language which betrayed deep science, and ended by proposing to visit it with his host. The pastor loved the wonders of his country with the pride and enthusiasm of a Norwegian; and they entered the cave of Dolstein together, attended only by one of those small dogs accustomed to hunt bears. The torches they carried could not penetrate the tremendous gloom of this cavern, whose vast aisles and columns seem to form a cathedral fit for the spirits of the sea, whose eternal hymn resounds above and around it. "We must advance no farther," said Thorsen, pausing at the edge of a broad chasm—"we have already ventured two miles beneath the tide."—"Shall we not avail ourselves of the stairs which Nature has provided here?" replied the traveller, stretching his torch over the abyss, into which large masses of shattered basaltine pillars offered a possible, but dreadful, mode of descent. The pastor caught his cloak—"Not in my presence shall any man tempt death so impiously! Are you deaf to that terrible murmur? The tide of the northern ocean is rising upon us: I see its white foam in the depth."—Though retained by a strong grasp, the stranger hazarded a step beneath the chasm's edge, straining his sight to penetrate its extent, which no human hand had ever fathomed.

The dog leaped to a still lower resting-place, was out of sight a few moments, and returned with a piteous moan to his master's feet.—"Even this poor animal," said Thorsen, "is awed by the divinity of darkness, and asks to save ourselves."—"Loose my cloak, old man!" exclaimed the traveller, with a look and tone which might have suited the divinity he named—"my life is a worthless hazard. But this creature's instinct invites us to save life, not to lose it. I hear a human voice!"—"It is the scream of the fish-eagle!" interrupted his guide; and, exerting all his strength, Thorsen would have snatched the torch from the desperate adventurer; but he had already descended a fathom deep into the gulf. Panting with agony, the pastor saw him stand unsupported on the brink of a slippery rock, extending the iron point of his staff into what appeared a wreath of foam left on the opposite side by the sea, which now raged below him in a whirlpool more deafening than the Malestrom. Thorsen with astonishment saw this white wreath attach itself to the pike-staff; he saw his companion poise it across the chasm with a vigorous arm, and beckon for his aid with gestures which the clamour of waves prevented his voice from explaining. The sagacious dog instantly caught what now seemed the folds of a white garment; and while Thorsen, trembling, held the offered staff, the traveller ascended with his prize. Both fell on their knees, and silently blessed heaven. Thorsen first unfolded the white garment, and discovered the face of a boy, beautiful though ghastly, about eleven years old. "He is not dead yet!" said the good pastor, eagerly pouring wine between his lips from the flask they had bro't to cheer them. He soon breathed, and the traveller, tearing off his wet half-frozen vestments, wrapped

him in his own furred coat and cloak, and spoke to him in a gentle accent. The child clung to him whose voice he had heard in the gulf of death, but could not discern his deliverers. "Poor blind boy!" said Thorsen, dropping tears on his cheek, "he has wandered alone into this hideous cavern, and fallen down the precipice." But this natural conjecture was disproved by the boy's replies to the few Norwegian words he seemed to understand. He spoke in a pure Swedish dialect of a journey from a very distant home with two rude men, who had professed to bring him among friends, but had left him sleeping, he believed, where he had been found. His soft voice, his blindness, his unsuspecting simplicity, increased the deep horror which both his benefactors felt as they guessed the probable design of those who had abandoned him. They carried him by turns in silence, preceded by their watchful dog; and quenching their torches at the cavern's mouth, seated themselves in one of its most concealed recesses. The sun was rising, and its light shone through a crevice on the stranger's face and figure, which, by enveloping the child in his furred mantle, he had divested of disguise. Thorsen saw the grace and vigour of youth in its contour, features formed to express an ardent character, and that fairness of complexion peculiar to northern nations. As if aware of his guide's scrutiny, the traveller wrapped himself again in his cloak, and, looking on the sleeping boy whose head rested on his knee, broke the thoughtful pause. "We must not neglect the existence we have saved. I am a wanderer, and urgent reasons forbid me to have any companion. Providence, sir, has given you a right to share in the adoption of this child. Dare you accept the charge for one year, with no other

recompense than your own benevolence and this small purse of dollars?"

Thorsen replied, with the blush of honest pride in his forehead, "I should require no bribe to love him—but I have many children and their curiosity may be dangerous. There is a good old peasant, whose daughter is his only comfort and companion. Let us entrust this boy to her care, and if in one year——" "in one year, if I live, I will reclaim him?" said the stranger solemnly:—"Shew me this woman." Though such peremptory commands startled Thorsen, whose age and office had accustomed him to respect, he saw and felt a native authority in his new friend's eye, which he obeyed. With a cautious fear of spies, new to an honest Norwegian, he looked round the cavern-entrance, and led the stranger by a private path to the old fisherman's hut. Claribell, his daughter, sat at its door, arranging the down-feathers of the beautiful Norwegian pheasant, and singing one of the wild ditties so long preserved on that coast. The fisherman himself, fresh-coloured and robust, though in his ninetieth year, was busied among his winter stock of oil and deer-skins. Thorsen was received with the urbanity peculiar to a nation whose lowest classes are artisans and poets; but his companion did not wait for his introduction. "Worthy woman," he said to Claribell, "I am a traveller with an unfortunate child, whose weakness will not permit him to accompany me farther. Your countenance confirms what this venerable man has told me of your goodness:—I leave him to appeal to it." He disappeared as he spoke, while the blind boy clung to Claribell's hand, as if attracted by the softness of a female voice. "Keep the dollars, pastor;" said Hans Hofland, when he had heard all that Thorsen

chose to tell—"I am old, and my daughter may marry Brande, our kinsman—keep the purse to feed this poor boy, if the year should pass and no friends remember him."

Thorsen returned well satisfied to his home, but the stranger was gone, and no one in the hamlet knew the time or way of his departure. Though a little Lutheran theology was all that education had given the pastor, he had received from Nature an acute judgment and a bountiful heart. Whether the deep mystery in which his guest had chosen to wrap himself could be connected with that which involved his ward, was a point beyond his investigation; but he contented himself with knowing how much the blind boy deserved his pity. To be easy and useful was this good man's constant aim, and he always found both purposes united.

The long, long winter and brief summer of Norway passed away without event. Adolphus, as the blind boy called himself, though he soon learned the Norwegian language, could give only confused and vague accounts of his early years, or his journey to Dolstein. But his docility, his sprightliness, and lovely countenance, won even the old fisherman's heart, and increased Claribell's pity to fondness. Under Hans Hofland's roof there was also a woman who owed her bread to Claribell's bounty. She was the widow of a nobleman whose mansion and numerous household had suddenly sunk into the abyss now covered with the lake of Frederickstadt. From that hour she had never been seen to smile; and the intense severity of a climate in which she was a stranger, added to the force of an overwhelming misfortune, had reduced her mind and body to utter imbecility. But Claribell, who had been chosen to attend her during the few months

which elapsed between her arrival in Norway and her disastrous widowhood, could never be persuaded to forsake her when the rapacious heir, affecting to know no proofs of her marriage, dismissed her to desolation and famine. The Lady Johanna, as her faithful servant still called her, had now resided ten years in Hans Hofland's cabin, nursed by his daughter with the tenderest respect, and soothed in all her caprices. Adolphus sat by her side, singing fragments of Swedish songs, which she always repaid by allowing him to share her sheltered corner of the hearth: and he, ever ready to love the hand that cherished him, lamented only because he could not know the face of his second foster-mother.

On the anniversary of that brilliant night which brought the stranger to Dolstein, all Hofland's happy family assembled round his door. Hans himself ever gay and busy, played a rude accompaniment on his ancient violin, while Adolphus timed his song to the slow motion of the Lady Johanna's chair, as it rocked her into slumber. Claribell sat at her feet, preparing for her pillow the soft rich fur of the brown forest cat brought by Brande, her betrothed husband, whose return had caused this jubilee. While Hans and his son-in-law were exchanging cups of mead, the pastor Thorsen was seen advancing with the stranger. "It is he!" exclaimed Claribell, springing from her kinsman's side with a shriek of joy. Adolphus clung to his benefactor's embrace, Hans loaded him with welcomes, and even the lady looked round her with a faint smile. They seated their guest amongst them, while the blind boy sorrowfully asked if he intended to remove him. "One year more Adolphus," replied the traveller, "you shall give to these hospitable friends, if they will endure the burthen for

your sake.”—“He is so beautiful!” said old Hans.—“Ah, father!” added Claribell, “he must be beautiful always, he is so kind!”—The traveller looked earnestly at Claribell, and saw the loveliness of a kind heart in her eyes. His voice faltered as he replied, “My boy must still be your guest, for a soldier has no home; but I have found his small purse untouched—let me add another, and make me more your debtor by accepting it.” Adolphus laid the purse in Claribell’s lap, and his benefactor, rising hastily, announced his intention to depart immediately, if a guide could be procured.—“My kinsman shall accompany you,” said the fisherman; “he knows every crag from Ardanger to Dofrefield. Brande advanced, slinging his musquet behind his shoulder, as a token of his readiness.—“Not to-night!” said Claribell; “a snowfall has swelled the flood, and the wicker bridge has failed.”—Thorsen and Hans urged the tedious length of the mountain-road, and the distance of any stage-house. Brande alone was silent. He had thought of Claribell’s long delay in fulfilling their marriage-contract, and his eye measured the stranger’s graceful figure with suspicious envy. But he dared not meet his glance, and no one saw the smile which shrivelled his lips when his offered guidance was accepted.—“He is bold and faithful,” said the pastor, as the stranger pressed his hand, and bade him farewell with an expressive smile. Brande shrunk from the pastor’s blessing, and departed in silence.—All were sleeping in Hoffland’s hut when he returned, pale and almost gasping.—“So soon from Ardanger?” said Claribell; “your journey has speeded well.”—“He is safe,” returned the lover, and sat down gloomy on the hearth. Only a few embers remained, which cast a doubtful light on

his countenance—“Claribell!” he exclaimed, after a long pause, “Will you be my wife to-morrow?”—“I am the Lady Johanna’s servant while she lives,” answered Claribell—“and the poor blind boy! what will become of them if I leave my father?”—“They shall remain with us, and we will form one family—we are no longer poor—the traveller gave me this gold—and bade me keep it as your dowry,”—Claribell cast her eye on the heap of rubles, and on her lover’s face—“Brande, you have murdered him!”—With these half-articulate words, she fell prostrate on the earth, from which he dared not approach to raise her. But presently gathering the gold, her kinsman placed it at her feet—“Claribell! it is yours! it is his free gift, and I am innocent.”—“Follow me, then!” said she, putting the treasure in her bosom; and quitting her father’s dwelling, she led the way to Thorsen’s. He was awake, reading by the summer moon-light—“Sir,” said Claribell, in a firm and calm tone, “your friend deposited this gold in my kinsman’s hands—keep it in trust for Adolphus in your own.” Brande, surprised, dismayed, yet rescued from immediate danger, acquiesced with downcast eyes; and the pastor, struck only with respectful admiration, received the deposite.

Another year passed, but not without event. A tremendous flood bore away the chief part of the hamlet, and swept off the stock of timber on which the good pastor’s saw-mills depended. The hunting season had been unproductive, and the long polar night found Claribell’s family almost without provision. Her father’s strength yielded to fatigue and grief; and a few dried fish were soon consumed. Wasted to still more extreme debility, her miserable mistress lay

beside the hearth, with only enough of life to feel the approach of death. Adolphus warmed her frozen hands in his, and secretly gave her all the rein-deer's milk, which their neighbours, though themselves half-tamished, bestowed upon him. Brande, encouraged by the despairing father's presence, ventured to remind Claribell of their marriage-contract.—“Wait,” she replied, with a bitter smile, “till the traveller returns to sanction it.”—Moody silence followed; while Hans, shaking a tear from his long silver eye-lashes, looked reproachfully at his daughter. “Have mercy on us both,” said Brande, with a desperate gesture—“Shall an idiot woman and a blind boy rob even your father of your love?”—“They have trusted me,” she answered, fixing her keen eyes upon him—“and I will not forsake them in life or death—Hast thou deserved trust better?”

Brande turned away his face, and wept. At that terrible instant, the door burst open, and three strangers seized him. Already unmanned, he made no resistance; and a caravan sent by judicial authority, conveyed the whole family to the hall of the viceroy's deputy. There, heedless of their toilsome journey and exhausted state, the minister of justice began his investigation. A charge of murder had been lodged against Brande, and the clothes worn by the unfortunate traveller, found at the foot of a precipice, red with blood and heaped together, were displayed before him. Still he professed innocence, but with a faltering voice and unsteady eye. Thorsen, strong in benevolence and truth, had followed the prisoner's car on foot, and now presented himself at the tribunal. He produced the gold deposited in his hands, and advanced a thousand proofs of Claribell's innocence, but she main-

tained herself an obstinate silence. A few silver ducats found in old Hofland's possession implicated him in the guilt of his kinsman; and the judge, comparing the actual evidence of Brande's conduct on the fatal night of the assassination with his present vague and incoherent statements, sentenced the whole family to imprisonment in the mine of Cronenburgh.

Brande heard his decree in mute despair; and Claribell, clinging to her heart-broken father, fixed her eyes, dim with intense agony, on the blind boy, whose face during this ignominious trial had been hidden on her shoulder. But when the conclusive sentence was pronounced, he raised his head, and addressed the audience in a strong and clear tone—“Norwegians!—I have no home—I am an orphan and a stranger among you. Claribell has shared her bread with me, and where she goes I will go.”—“Be it so,” said the judge, after a short pause—“darkness and light are alike to the blind, and he will learn to avoid guilt if he is allowed to witness its punishment.”—The servants of justice advanced, expecting their superiour's signal to remove the victims, but his eye was suddenly arrested. The Lady Johanna, whose chair had been bro't before the tribunal, now rose from it, and stood erect, exclaiming, “*I accuse him!*”—At this awful cry, from lips which had never been heard to utter more than the low moan of insanity, the judge shuddered, and his assistants shrunk back as if the dead had spoken. The glare of her pale grey eyes, her spectre-like face shadowed by long and loose hair, were such as a Norwegian sorceress exhibits. Raising her skeleton hands high above her head, she struck them together with a force which the hall echoed;—“There was but one witness, and

I go to him!"—With these words, and a shrill laugh, she fell at the judge's feet and expired.

Six years glided away; and the rigorous sentence passed on these unfortunate Norwegians had been long executed and forgotten, when the Swedish viceroy visited the silver mines of Cronenburgh. Lighted by a thousand lamps attached to columns of the sparkling ore, he proceeded with his retinue through the principal street of the subterranean city, while the miners exhibited the various processes of their labours. But his eye seemed fixed on a bier followed by an aged man, whose shoulder bore the badge of infamy, leaning on a meagre woman and a boy, whose voice mingled with the rude chant peculiar to Norwegian mourners like the warbling of an Eolian lute among the moans of a stormy wind. At this touching and unexpected sound, the viceroy stopped and looked earnestly at his guide—"It is the funeral of a convicted murderer," replied the superintendant of the miners; "and that white-haired man was his kinsman, and supposed accomplice."—"The woman is his widow, then?" said the viceroy, shuddering.—"No, my lord:—her imprisonment was limited to one year, but she chose to remain with her unhappy father, to prepare his food and assist in his labours: that lovely boy never leaves her side, except to sing hymns to the sick miners, who think him an angel come among us."—While the humane intendant spoke, the bier approached, and the torches carried by its bearers shone on the corpse of Brande, whose uncovered countenance retained all the sullen fierceness of his character. The viceroy followed to the grave; and advancing as the body was lowered into it, said, "Peace be with the

dead, and with the living. All are forgiven."

The intendant of the mines, instructed by one of the viceroy's retinue, removed the fetters from Hans Hofland's ankles, and placed him, with his daughter and the blind boy, in the vehicle used to reach the outlet of the mine. A carriage waited to receive them, and they found themselves conveyed from the most hideous subterranean dungeon to the splendid palace of the viceroy. They were led into his cabinet, where he stood alone, not in his rich official robes, but in those he had worn at Dolstein.—"It is the traveller!" exclaimed Claribell; and Adolphus sprang into his arms.—"My son!" was all the viceroy could utter as he held him close to his heart.—"Claribell!" he added, after a few moments of agonizing joy, "I am the father of Adolphus, and the Lady Johanna was my wife. Powerful enemies compelled me to conceal even my existence; but a blessed chance enabled me to save my only son, whom I believed safe in the care of the treacherous kinsman who coveted my inheritance, and hoped to destroy us both. Brande was the agent of his guilt; but fearing that his secrecy might fail, the chief traitor availed himself of his power as a judge, to bury his accomplice and his innocent victim for ever. Providence saved my life from his machinations, and my sovereign has given me power sufficient to punish and reward. Your base judge is now in the prison to which he condemned your father and yourself:—you, Claribell, if you can accept the master of this mansion, are now in your future home. Continue to be the second mother of Adolphus, and ennoble his father by an union with your virtues."

April 1817.

V.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE FEMALE CHARIOTEER.

Qui cupit optatum cursu contingere metam.

Horace

Sunt quos curriculo pulverum Olympicam

Collegisse juvat : metaque fervidis

Evitata rotis.

ibid.

AFTER waiting an hour at the Mount for an old officer returned from India, whom I had not seen for many years, I was proceeding across Bond Street, full of my disappointment, and looking back to the days of our childhood, when first our intimacy commenced. Filled with these melancholy pleasing thoughts, I was almost stunned with the cry of "Hoy!" I turned round, and perceived a Groom advancing towards me on horseback, and a curricule coming on me at the rate of nine miles per hour. The female charioteer pulled up with difficulty; and, in doing so, quite altered the lines of a very comely countenance, for all was tugging and muscular exertion.

I was now just out of the line of danger, and the vehicle was abreast of me, when the other Groom touching his hat, and the lady recognising me and smiling, I perceived that it was Lady —, one of my best friends, who had nearly run over me. She apologised, was quite shocked, but could not conceive how I could be so absent; and lastly, laid the blame on her horses, observing, that they had had so little work of late, that they were almost too much for her. A few civilities passed between us, with the usual barometrical and thermometrical observations of an Englishman, which are his great auxiliaries in conversation, and we parted.

During our short colloquy, one of her beautiful horses became what she called *fidgetty*, for which she promised to pay him off in the park. The other, at starting, shewed symptoms of great friskiness, for which she gave him a few dexterous cuts, distorting, in a small degree, her features at the same time, as much as to say, "Will you? I'll be your master (not *mistress*, there is no such term in coachmanship yet;) I'll teach you better manners; I'll bring you to a sense of your duty;" or something to that purpose.

I turned about, to view her as she went along. She had a small round riding-hat on; she sat in the most coachmanlike manner, handled her whip in a very masterly style, and had, altogether, something quite gentlemanlike in her appearance. She was going at a bold and brisk trot; and as she passed her numerous acquaintances, she was so intent upon the good management of her reins, and her eyes so fixed upon her high-mettled cattle, that she gave a familiar, knowing, sideways, nod of her head, very similar to what I have seen stage coachmen, hackney-men, and fashionable ruffians, their copies, give a brother whip, passing on the road, or when they almost graze another's wheel, or cut out a carriage, when they are turning round, with a nod, which means, "There's for you, what a flat you must be!"

This led me to general reflections on female charioteers in general. And first, to acquire any talent, it is necessary to learn the art. How is the knowledge of driving obtained by the fairer sex?

If a lady take the reins from her husband, her brother, or her lover, it is a strong emblem of assuming the mastery. If she have no courage, no muscular strength, and no attention to the domination and guidance of her studs, she becomes no driver, no whip, and runs the risk of breaking the neck of self and friends daily. If she do excel in this study, she becomes immediately, masculine and severe: she punishes, when occasion requires, the animals which come under her lash assumes a graceless attitude, heats her complexion by exertion, loses her softness by virtue of her office, runs the risk of hardening her hands, and may perchance harden her heart—at all events, she gains unfeminine habits, and such as are not easily got rid of.

If she learn of the family coachman, it must be allowed that it is no likely that he should give her any peculiar grace, nor teach her any thing polite. The pleasure of his company, whilst superintending her lesson, cannot much improve her mind; and the freedom of these teachers of coachmanship may prove offensive to her, which a gradual loss of feeling, done away by the pride of excelling as a Whip, can alone render palatable.

When the accomplishment of driving is acquired, what does it tend to? A waste of time, a masculine enjoyment, and loss of (I will not say moral, but) feminine character—of that sweet, soft, and overpowering submission to and dependance on man, which whilst it claims our protection and awakens our dearest sympathies, our tenderest interests, enchants, attaches and subdues us. I have known ladies so affected by an inordinate love for charioteering, that it has completely altered them, and they at last became more at home in the stable than in the drawing-room. The very lady in question is so different when dressed for dinner,

that her driving-dress is a complete masquerade disguise, which I should never wish to see her in, and which certainly is not calculated to captivate a lover, nor to gain a husband, unless the latter be a slave, who gives the whip-hand to his lady.

I now began to recollect the female whips of my acquaintance; and I found that I never could esteem one of them. A certain titled lady, who shall be nameless, since she is no more, used to excel in driving four milk-white horses in hand. Her face was a perfect enamel, something like china, from the paint which she used; and to see the thong of her whip fly about the leaders, to behold her gather up her reins and square her elbows, was the delight of the ostlers and hackney-coachmen about town, who nevertheless spoke very lightly of her at the same time. I confess that she became a complete object of disgust to myself, and to many thinking men of my acquaintance. She used frequently to drive out a male relation, which made the picture still more preposterous in my eyes; whilst the very praise of the lower classes alluded to, sunk her in my estimation.

And why do coachmen and pugilists, grooms and jockeys, praise the superiour ranks of society for excelling in driving, in boxing, in horse-racing, or in riding like post-boys? Because it reduces the highest to the level of the lowest, because (to adopt their own expression, so often made use of by the bargemen on the Thames, towards a certain Duke) he's not proud, he is just like one of us, he can tug at his oar, smoke and drink beer "like a man," aye, and take his own part. That such qualities may, upon an emergency, prove useful, I admit, but His Grace, as well as all female charioteers, must excuse me from considering them as any way ornamental.

To return to my female driving friends. A certain fair daughter of green Erin used formerly to drive me out in her curricule: She is a perfect whip; and has, from conversing so much on the subject, and from seeing so much stable company, assumed a tone, an attitude, and a language, most foreign to her sex. Driving one day in the Circular Road, near Dublin, her horses pulled very hard, and would have blistered common fingers, but, protected by the stiff York tan, and hardened by the management of the whip, she stood up and punished them, crying, "I'll take the *shine* out of you before I have done with you!" then "keeping them up to their work," as she called it, and fanning furiously along, she exultingly exclaimed, all in a heat and flurry herself, "There and be — (I looked thunder-struck)—be hanged to you!" concluded she, smiling at me, and resuming her *sang froid*.

A Commoner's lady was my third driving acquaintance: She was very bold; given to the joys of the table; got lightly spoken of as to reputation; and, after all, overturned herself once, and broke her arm. My inquiries as to the character of the other celebrated female Whips, have not obtained any information which could change my opinion as to the advantages of a lady's becoming a good Whip. It militates against the softness, the delicacy, the beauty, and attractions, of the sex. I would ask any amateur, the greatest possible admirer of lovely woman, whether, her complexion being heated, her lips dry, and her features covered with dust, as she returns from a horse-race or from a morning drive, are circumstances of improvement to her in any way?

I doubt if our forefather Adam could have been captivated with Eve, had she appeared to him either in a dream, or in coarse reality,

with a masculine expression of countenance, and with a four-horse whip in her hand; nor was it ever intended that "those limbs, formed for the gentler offices of love," should be displayed behind prancing coach-horses, with an unwieldy whip in one hand, and a gross mass of leather in the other. The very diamond itself is scarcely seemly, when clad in its rough coat of earth, and of uncouthness; 'tis the high polish which it receives, which displays its hidden lustre, and which, reflecting its real worth, makes it so brilliant, and so eminently valuable.

Thus it is with woman: every thing which tends to divest her of the asperity and ruggedness of the inferior part of our sex, augments her attractions: every thing which can assimilate her to the harshness of man, despoils her of her richest ornaments, and lowers her in our estimation. I remember once passing a lady in the King's Road, one of whose outriders had dismounted, and was adjusting something about the reins, whilst the other was holding his horse behind. The Lady, and the Groom, who appeared to be her instructor in the art of coachmanship, had much conversation respecting the cattle. The latter said, "Give him his hiding, my Lady, and don't spare him." To which, she elegantly replied, "D—n the little horse." This gave the finishing confirmation to my former opinion.

I know that it will be objected to me, that these vulgarities are not general in high coachwomen, and that they are not necessary; but to this I beg leave to answer, that their very existence is preposterous, and that if on the one hand these vices are not absolutely a part of coachmanship, coachmanship or charioteering is not at all necessary to a woman's accomplishments, nor even to her amusement.

THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

VARIETIES.

From La Belle Assemblée.

THE DUCHESS OF MODENA.

WHEN the Duke of Modena was re-established in his states, he was desirous of giving a ball on the occasion; but his Duchess declared publicly at the Palais Royale, that his Highness had not money sufficient to clothe himself fit to dance one minuet. Indignant at seeing the luxury and expense of Madame de Pompadour, at that time, who governed France in the name of Louis XV. while his people wanted bread, the Princess actually went to court without shoes, to show the King the indigence she was reduced to by the war, and to what a miserable situation it had brought the states of Modena. "Madame," said Louis to her, "I am not over-much at my ease any more than yourself; but I have still a shoemaker, and if you wish I will send him to you."

THE UNFORTUNATE RACE OF THE STUARTS.

In one of our preceding Numbers we gave a detail of the misfortunes attending the race of the Capets: those of the Stuarts are not less remarkable, as may be seen by the following statement of those disasters that attended their family during three hundred and ninety years.

Robert III. died with grief, because his eldest son, Robert, was starved to death, and his youngest, James, was made a captive.—James I. after having beheaded three of his nearest kindred, was assassinated by his own uncle, who was tortured to death for the crime.—James II. was killed by the bursting of a piece of ordnance.—James III. when flying from the field of battle, was thrown from his horse, and murdered in a cottage into

which he had been carried for assistance.—James IV. fell in Flodden Field.—James V. died of grief for the wilful ruin of his army at Solway Moss.—Henry Stuart, Lord Darnly, was assassinated and then blown up in his retirement.—Mary Stuart was beheaded in England. James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, died not without suspicion of being poisoned by the Duke of Buckingham.—Charles I. was beheaded.—Charles II. was exiled for many years.—James II. lost his crown, and died in banishment.—Ann, after a reign which, though glorious, was continually rendered unhappy by party disputes, died of apopleptick grief, occasioned by the quarrels of her most favoured servants.

ANECDOTE OF BONAPARTE IN EGYPT.

Just as Bonaparte was inspecting the body of Turks he had drawn up to be shot at Jaffa, amounting to near five thousand men, the age and noble countenance of a Janissary attracted his observation.—"Old man," said he sharply, "what do you do here?"—The undaunted Janissary replied, "I must answer that question by asking you the same. Your answer will be that you came to serve your Sultan; so did I mine."—The frankness and intrepidity of the reply interested every one in his favour. Bonaparte smiled!—"He will be saved," whispered the Aides-de-camp.—"You know not Bonaparte," said one who had served with him in Italy; "that smile does not proceed from benevolence: remember what I say."—The opinion was too true. The Janissary was left in the ranks, doomed to death, and suffered.